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MORNING ON THE AUSABLE.

WE are on the Ausable River, near where it enters the Upper Ausable Lake. It winds through a rocky gorge full of the wildest scenery—towering rocks, with a succession of waterfalls, rapids, and quiet pools,—places almost impassable, that test the strength and nerve, not to say the ingenuity, of the explorer to effect a passage; at last it flows through a charming meadow country, where graceful elms adorn the banks and afford a happy contrast to the mountain forms beyond.

From this delightful pastoral region we are ushered into the wild beauties of the Lower Lake. The mountains rise from the water precipitously, here in abrupt

shores, which are fringed with forests of tamarack and spruce, arbor-vitæ and birch. Lilies and water-arrows fill the coves, and we find the camp nestled among the trees, with the glory of the Gothic mountains relieved against the western sky before us. We are possessed with a desire to remain where we are, to explore the cool recesses about, and to dream away the languid summer days. In search of some promising trout-hole, or on the lookout for a deer, we push our boat to the head of the lake. But now we have to take heed. For we have entered the upper river, and we wind in and out, following its tortuous course, through low banks on either side, with strange, gaunt evergreens standing in weird groups, and alders bending to the water's edge. Here our

sand-bar, or another log, which is overcome in the same manner. At last accumulated sands, and logs, and turns, prove too much for us, and we are reluctantly compelled to put about.

So the days pass, and time flies—all too fast. Summer fades, and autumn comes with its tints of scarlet and gold, and the remembrance that a more active life awaits us. We turn our faces city-wards, to take up our burdens again, strengthened in body and refreshed in mind by our rambles in the Adirondacks.

THE TRUANTS.—There is truth in the old saying that bachelors' children are easy to manage, but the entire truth would have been stated if it had contained the admission that these suppositious little people are



THE TRUANTS.—M. L. STONE.

abutment walls, six or eight hundred feet in height, there in vast slide-ways, where huge masses of detached rocks have slidden down, and lie along the water's edge. Streams trickle from dizzy heights, bearing along the marks of many a wild flood, and gnarled and uprooted trees are swept down by wind and tempest. The grandeur of the scene is not to be surpassed among any other mountains of our country.

Between this and the Upper Lake there is a carry of about a mile and a half, through beautiful woods of birch and pine, with glimpses of river, forest-bordered, and occasional openings that reveal some bold mountain outline for a background. At last we emerge on a quiet cove, and take to our boats. As we sweep out on the surface of the lake we are impressed with its contrast to the region we have just left—that, grand, impressive, almost awing; this, as beautiful as a garden. The mountains lie back from the lake, and their lines sweep gently to its

guide throws in his hook, among half-sunken logs and brush, while we take our sketch-book and lazily jot down a few lines to fix the scene. Suddenly there is a jerk of the arm, and a slight commotion. He has him! And, after some deft handling, the most magnificent of brook-trout lies floundering in the bottom of the boat. He measures just twenty-one inches. We pick up our sketch-book, dropped in the flurry, and introduce the blue crane which flies across the stream two or three boat lengths ahead of us, and only serves to increase the feeling of solitude.

We push on, past one turn and another, catching a glimpse of some side-stream, with the crest of old Tahawus looming out of the depths of the wilderness—over snags and sand-bars, until the stream twists so abruptly, and is so narrow, that we are ready to turn back. Still, it looks so inviting ahead, that by means of tugging, and backing, and pushing, we succeed in getting around, only to encounter another

the only ones who are. It is not because they are wild and wilful, but because they feel their individuality as strongly as we do ours, that they do what they wish to, rather than what we wish to have them. They happen to have their share of human nature, and are consequently troublesome to their elders. The little group in our illustration are not bad; they are simply thoughtless, and easily carried away by their spirits. The eldest boy is to blame, as far as anybody is, for he is not going to school, and his playfellow is, or rather *was*, when he stopped him, and proposed a game of marbles—a seductive game to the juvenile mind, which is seldom able to resist its lures. This is the only excuse which can be offered for our young friend, and it is not likely to avail him much when his sin has found him out. There is a day of reckoning in store for him, as well as for his mates, who are suffering themselves to be belated on their way to school.